

The Historie

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech; stand aside, Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, I faith.

Fal. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vain.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake, Lords, conuay my trustfull Queene,
For teares doe stop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, he doth it, as like one of these harlotrie plaiers,
as euer I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.

Harry, I doe not onely maruaile, where thou spendest thy time: but also, how thou art accompanied. For, though the camomill, the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: so youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: that thou art my son, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my owne opinion, but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sometime here, lies the point: why, beeing sonne to mee, art thou so pointed at? shall the blessed sonne of heauen, proue a micher, and ear blacke-berries? a question not to be askt. Shall the son of England, proue a theefe, and take purfes? a question to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch, (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: so doth the companie thou keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleasure, but in pangs; not in words onely, but in woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What maner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man I faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerefull looke, a pleasing eie, & a most noble carriage, & as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember mee, his name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lewdly giuen, hee deceiueth me. For Harry, I see vertue in his looks: if then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that Falstaffe, him keepe with, the rest banish: & tel me now, thou naughtie varlet, tell me, where hast thou bin, this month?

Prin

of Henry the

Prin. Dost thou speake like a
ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost
ly both in word and matter, ha
bet sucker, or a poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand, iudg

Prin. Now, Harry, whence

Fal. My noble Lord, from

Prince. The complaints I h

Fal. Zblood, my Lord, th
yong prince I faith.

Prin. Swearest thou, vngrac
on me, thou art violently carri
uill haunts thee, in the likenes
is thy companion: why doest th
humours, that boulding hutch o
of dropies, that huge bombare
guts, that rosted Manningtree
ly, that reuerent vice, that gray
vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he
it: wherein neat & cleanly, bu
in cunning, but in craft? wher
in villanous, but in all things?

Fal. I would your grace w
meanes your graces?

Prince. That villanous abon
stallfe, that olde white bearded

Fal. My Lord, the man I h

Prin. I know, thou doest.

Fal. But to say, I know me
were to say more then I know
tie, his white haies doe witne
uerence, a whoremaster, that I
be a fault, God helpe the wick
thē many an old host that I kn
hated, thē Pharaos leane kine
banish Peto, banish Bardol, b